

POLITICIAN WORTH AND POLITICIAN PLATT.

Comparison of the Methods and Characteristics of the Political Machinists Who Have Split the Republican Party of Greater New York.

By Alfred Henry Lewis.

"There be," according to Shakespeare, "land rats and water rats, land thieves and water thieves."

This is over-true. There be, in good fact, pirates and pirates; there be Platt and Worth. It would be linguistically unwise to say one is better than the other; let us say one is worse than the other. There are the Francis Drakes, who, in the intervals of their pillage, remember their race broadly, carry their prowess into strange oceans, extend geography and plant the English Jack and civilization in savage lands. And such, in politics, is Platt. There are the Blackbeards, egotistical as sharks, and as hungry, with no impulse save their appetites, no motive but their avarice, who, black with the rust of ignorance and of ignoble raste, would capture anything from a galleon to a garbage scow. And such, in politics, is Worth. These two at present split Republican politics. And just as one bad man may be right as against another bad man, so Platt is right as against Worth. One is legitimate, while the other is illegitimate. Platt had lawful birth, while Worth, who is a mere by-blow of party, comes by the left hand and wears the banister on his scutcheon of politics. To-day these two quarrel and rend New York Republicanism. And this quarrel is to be one among other matters to bring about Democratic success.

They make good character sketches, these two buccaners of politics. Neither has the scruples of a wolf; each is for self, and each essays to construct a government for New York, not for public good, but for his own aggrandizement. Both will go down, while the wheels of decent sentiment roll over them.

While they both shoot at the same target, in other respects Platt and Worth widely differ. Platt, we all know. Senator now, he was Senator years ago, to tame-

full. He has been Assemblyman and State Senator. Also, he was for a time an Alderman, when Low, the portentous if not potent, was the Mugwump Mayor of Brooklyn in the earlier '80s. Now Worth is County Clerk, at an intake of from \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year in fees. That is not so bad! Who is there to say that politics does not pay, when one like Worth, ignorant and uncouth, who lands in Brooklyn unknown, unhonored and unsung, can from a mere raspick of party become at last the proprietor of a place which pays the annual fortune I have chronicled? And yet some men go to Klondike when Brooklyn is so easy and so near. Worth was also at one time a member of the Brooklyn Election Board, and, while it was early noted that no campaign was altogether safe in Worth's company without a chaperon, still he held this place some time. And many a neat job of corkerew kind was performed for either party in those Board of Election days. Just why Worth should be regarded as a Republican would take time and study to tell. Probably his last retainer came from that side. What a descent in politics does Worth's career present! Step by step he goes down. First a ward worker, then a Republican, and now "a reformer."

Hollowness of Reform.

It was when Low was Mayor that Worth was Alderman, and became filled with the spirit and the breath of "reform." I do not know that I like Low; I never met him, but I certainly am moved with suspicion of a man who would "reform" Worth, and come, finally, fifteen years later, to be Worth's candidate for Mayor. I do not know Low. I say; but what little I have read and heard leads me against him. He strikes me as a prig; one full of narrowness and self-applause; a fashion of Grover

CHASE BURGLARS ON BICYCLES.

Mrs. Nopenny Left Her Store One Night and Never Returned.

WAS SHE IN LOVE AT 58?

Police Think Louis Andresse and Morris Feike Know More Than They Will Tell.

The best efforts of the Brooklyn police have failed to unearth any clue to the whereabouts of Mrs. Annie Nopenny, the wealthy widow who disappeared from her home, at No. 581 Grand street, Williamsburg, last November.

Miss Jane Seybold, her sister, despite her sixty years, persists in personally following every clue that the police investigation brings to light.

Miss Seybold came from Kansas City, where she has a school for languages, two weeks ago, and then first learned that her sister Annie, Mrs. Nopenny, whom she had not seen for two years, had disappeared. Miss Seybold took lodgings with Mrs. Martin, of No. 545 Grand avenue—the lodgings which Mrs. Nopenny was to have occupied on the day following the disappearance—and at once asked the aid of Captain Reynolds, of the Detective Bureau.

What Does Andresse Know?

The police hold to the belief that Louis Andresse, now in Raymond Street Jail, awaiting trial for forgery, knows more than he will tell concerning Mrs. Nopenny's disappearance. The evidence is circumstantial.

Andresse owed Mrs. Nopenny \$200, which he could not repay; the woman was at Andresse's house, No. 372 Ewen street, on the night she was last seen by her friends; Andresse disappeared on the same day or the day following, and when found later and arrested in Burlington, Vt., on a charge of forgery, would not account for his movements.

Miss Seybold says her sister—despite her fifty-eight years—was an impressionable woman and that her letters indicated that after her husband's death, she had become very much interested in Andresse.

Mrs. Martin, with whom Mrs. Nopenny was going to live, and who knew her well, does not agree with Miss Seybold. Andresse admits the circumstances, but says:

"She was my friend, nothing more. I have a wife and children whom I love, and Mrs. Nopenny was very fond of them, too." Mrs. Martin and her son, W. C. Martin, succeeded Mrs. Nopenny in the floral business after she disappeared. Young Martin worked for her when she had the store at No. 581 Grand street. The store is now at No. 583.

The Martins told a circumstantial story of Mrs. Nopenny's disappearance yesterday, but do not explain why they never caused search to be made and never notified Mrs. Nopenny's friends that she had disappeared.

"Mr. Nopenny died in April, 1896," said Mrs. Martin, "and Mrs. Nopenny opened the store at No. 581 soon afterward. She lived back of the store and took most of her meals out. She was small, of delicate figure, had dark hair, turned gray, and gray eyes. She generally dressed in black, wore a little widow's bonnet, and always carried a black bag."

"She had been reared in a convent in Germany, and had one sister who was Mother Superior of a convent in Europe, and a brother who is a priest in Wyandotte, Mich. She frequently spoke of Miss Seybold, her other sister."

"The last time I saw Mrs. Nopenny was on Friday, November 20, 1896. She had just moved from her room back of the store and took lodgings with me at No. 545 Grand street. On the night of November 20—the last night she was to be seen—the shop—Mrs. Nopenny complained of being cold, and I loaned her a large black shawl."

The next morning, when my son went to the store, Mrs. Nopenny was gone, and so were her keys. Her dresses and household utensils, everything she had, except as she had left them. Mrs. Nopenny never drank.

Some days after she disappeared the landlady, H. Otto, discovered the goods, which were taken by a constable and marshal and put in storage. Just before she disappeared Mrs. Nopenny had a balance of about \$250 in the Hushwick Bank. She drew it all out except \$1, on a check made payable to herself.

Did She Have \$6,000?

Miss Seybold says Mrs. Nopenny wrote to her about her other sister in Europe about a year ago, asking about the best way to deposit or invest \$6,000. Miss Seybold argues that the missing woman must have had a large sum of money when she disappeared.

"She told my wife and I," said Andresse, "that she had only \$600 after her husband died and the estate was settled. She put \$200 into the business at No. 581. Soon afterward she lent me \$200. I gave no note, but it was understood that Mrs. Nopenny loaned me the money on account of a girl who worked for her took their meals at my house for about four months. The balance of the \$200 I still owe her. She also loaned \$200 to Morris Feike, who had a small cigar factory in Greenpoint. He quit the cigar business and went into the dry goods business. Mrs. Nopenny afterward asked him for \$50 on account and he gave her a check. I told the detectives I thought Feike could tell something about the old lady."

Andresse is a Jew, a German of American parentage. He is not over 4 feet 8 inches tall, but is good looking, shrewd and his conversation betrays intelligence in high degree and some education.

Felke Has Disappeared.

Morris Felke's place is at No. 148 Manhattan avenue, in a building owned by a man named Kaufmann. But Felke and his large family, who had occupied a flat over the store, were gone, and nobody knew where they might be found. They moved out suddenly one morning in April.

Andresse said yesterday that she and Mrs. Nopenny came to America in 1870 with the intention of starting a school of languages in New York. Miss Seybold had been governess in the family of a French nobleman and each had a little money.

Annie, the younger, met Antonio Nopenny, whom, despite her sister's objections, she married. Nopenny claimed to be rich and of noble birth. He turned out to be ignorant, vulgar and penniless. For twenty-five years he kept flower shops in Grand street.

Little Andresse maintains that Mrs. Nopenny frequently complained to her of "black visions," which troubled her. But Miss Seybold and Mrs. Martin both say the missing woman was of a healthy, cheery temperament and had never showed signs of mental unbalance.

BOY SAVES CHUM'S LIFE.

Although Not a Swimmer, He Heroically Goes to the Rescue of the Drowning Lad.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Sept. 2.—Young Arthur Lowden saved his little chum, George Nolan, from drowning in Braham Creek at Portchester yesterday afternoon, although he could not swim. Several boys and girls were playing on Lounsbury's bank. They threw sticks into the water and watched them float out with the tide. George lost his footing and fell in the creek.

Arthur, without any hesitation, pulled off his coat and jumped in the creek. The young life savor, despite the fact that he could not swim a stroke, clutched his chum by the hair, and succeeded in struggling to a rock, to which he clung until help arrived. The Nolan boy was rescued.

"I didn't want to see George drown like a cat; so I jumped in," said Arthur, simply.

CHASE BURGLARS ON BICYCLES.

But It Was a Vain Effort by Police at Narragansett Pier.

MANY COTTAGES MENACED.

One Was That of R. G. Dun, but Others Have Been Robbed Man and Woman Suspected.

Narragansett Pier, R. I., Sept. 2.—Police mounted on bicycles had an exciting chase for suspected burglars here last night. Word was received that suspicious persons were lingering near Dunmore, the Summer residence of R. G. Dun, and several policemen mounted their wheels and started in pursuit. It was moonlight when they glided down Ocean road, and objects could be seen some distance ahead.

At first they saw nothing, but in a few minutes two persons were discerned near the stone wall which incloses Ocean road, but they immediately disappeared in the woods near Wildcat Farm. This morning early a party returning from a late supper met two men on Ocean avenue who tried to hold up the carriage. The coachman whipped up the horses and left the men behind.

W. Herbert Caswell's cottage, Windermore, was entered Tuesday night by burglars, who effected an entrance through a second-story window with a ladder. A \$300 diamond stud was stolen. It is believed that the men became frightened and departed without further search, as they left a pocketbook containing money and other valuable articles which were in the room.

Shortly afterward the Cooke cottage was visited by two persons. Finding the occupants of the cottage at home, they fled. One of the fugitives was a tall man, the other a woman. Later in the same night two prowlers, presumably the same, tried to enter Greene's Inn, but were detected and driven away.

SALPING FIGHT IS ON.

Brokers Bring a Case to Test the Constitutionality of the Law Forbidding Sales.

The fight of the "ticket scalpers" against the "anti-scalpers law" is on. Frederick M. Bolles, a clerk in the office of Gustave G. Lansing, at No. 307 Broadway, was arraigned yesterday before Magistrate Wentworth in the Centre Street Police Court on a warrant charging him with violating the law. This law makes it a felony for anybody other than an authorized agent of a railroad line to sell a transportation ticket.

Henry J. Bradford, for the American Ticket Brokers' Association, made the following complaint. The association wants to test the validity of the law. The specific charge was that Bolles received \$6.50 for transportation from New York to Norfolk, Va. Bolles admitted that he was not an authorized agent of the railroad company.

Ex-Assistant District Attorney McManus and Abraham Gruber are attorneys for the brokers.

The defendant's attorney wanted the Magistrate to commit Bolles to the nominal custody of the Warden of the Tombs in order that a writ of habeas corpus might be asked from the Supreme Court, which would take the question of the constitutionality of the law directly to the higher courts. The Magistrate paroled Bolles in the custody of the Sheriff.

Later in the day Justice Beach in the Supreme Court granted the writ, which is returnable next Wednesday.

BAPTIZED 117 IN FIFTEEN MINUTES

Rev. John F. Bright Holds the Record for Rapid Immersions.

WATCHED BY A CROWD

All Cartersville Crowded the River Banks and Railroad Trestle to See.

Cartersville, Ga., Sept. 2.—Rev. John F. Bright, the pastor of the Mount Zion Baptist Church, wears the belt as the champion baptizer, from the rapidity with which he immerses candidates for admission into his church.

Both banks of Pettis Creek, in the suburbs of the town, just below the Western & Atlantic Depot, were lined, a dozen or so deep, with citizens of all shades of color, to witness the baptizing of Brother Bright's converts. The trestle itself was used as a grand stand by a large number, and seated in the branches of the neighboring trees were all who could thus be accommodated. Places of vantage, where the performance could be uninterruptedly witnessed, were at a premium and almost fought for.

The baptizing itself proved to be a record breaker. In fifteen minutes after the long procession of candidates, two abreast, filed into the stream, the rite had been administered to 117 souls. As fast as they came they were dipped, and the large number was gotten through within a remarkably short space of time.

The converts were the result of a protracted meeting, and the ceremony was preceded by a doctrinal sermon from Brother Bright, in which baptism by immersion was pointed out as the only way to salvation. The preacher's arm was considerably swollen from his exertion in dipping so many into the water.

HEROES SAVE TWO WOMEN

Mrs. Mary Arnheim and Her Niece Almost Drowned in Sheepshead Bay.

Had it not been for the pluck of George H. Hewlett, a colored sea captain, and an unknown man, Mrs. Mary Arnheim and twelve-year-old Florence Wendel would have been drowned in Sheepshead Bay yesterday afternoon.

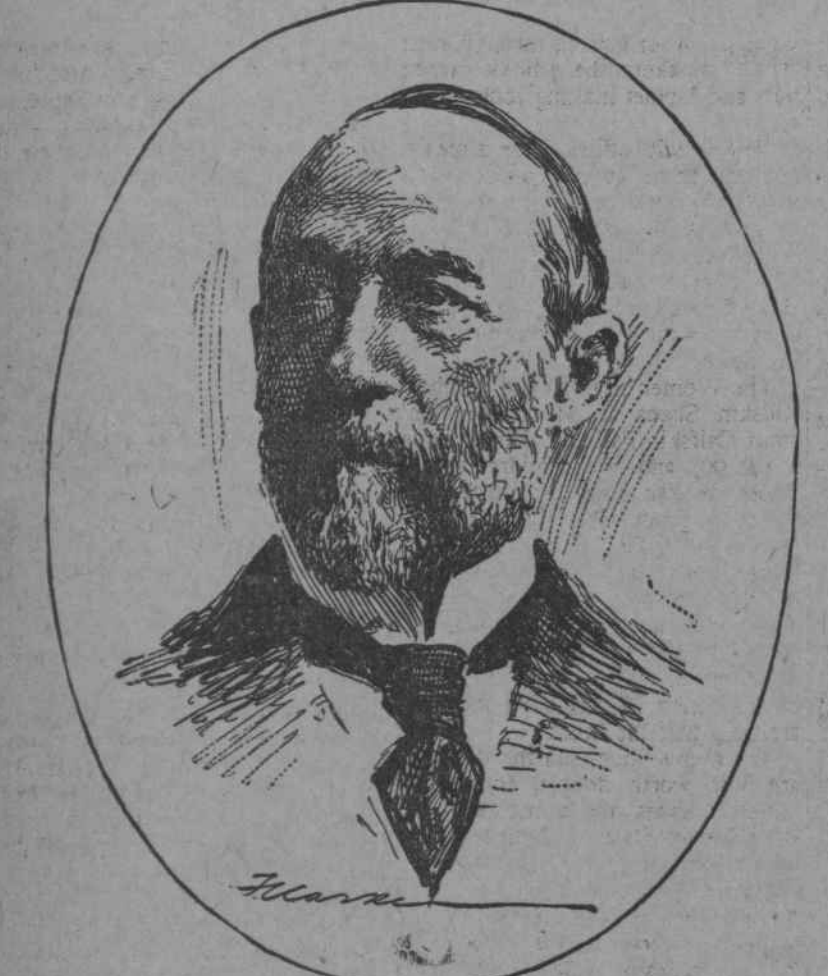
Mrs. Arnheim is the wife of a musician, now playing with Sousa's band at Manhattan Beach. The girl is her niece. Her home is with her parents at No. 267 Eckford street, Brooklyn.

About 1 o'clock they put on their bathing suits in Corde's hotel and walked across the street to the swimming platform. Mrs. Arnheim, who is an expert swimmer, struck out for deep water. About 150 feet from shore she suddenly threw up her hands and sank. When she came up she emitted a piercing shriek.

The girl started in the direction of her aunt, and was soon struggling in ten feet of water. Several men hurried to some boats.

Mrs. Arnheim was about to sink for the last time when Captain Hewlett dived in after her, clothes and all. A few seconds later he had the exhausted woman in his arms and was heading for the shore.

While the crowd was putting out in boats an unknown man threw off his coat and jumped in to save the child. He soon had the little one out. When several men in boats reached Captain Hewlett and Mrs. Arnheim both were completely exhausted. Surgeon Gillen, of the Coney Island Relief Station, found Mrs. Arnheim and her niece unconscious. It was several minutes before they were revived.



Senator Thomas G. Platt.



County Clerk Jacob Worth, of Kings.

is follow Conkling into the wilderness, when that curled chieftain, in a fit of spleenish pique, resigned his Senate seat. In that far day, when the god-like Conkling ruled, Platt sat humbly at his knee and pined "me too" appropriately. Conkling played political golf and evaded the ball of office about the party links. Platt logged the sticks and sweat industriously as Conkling's caddy.

But those days are gone—Conkling, Garfield, Al. gone and the long grasses grow above them and their feuds. And now, in a piping day, Platt is chief in Conkling's stead.

Platt is essentially furtive, lurking, catlike. He delights in moonlight politics and follows the byways. Platt avoids the eye, is seldom in the show ring, lacks woefully as a grand-stander, and, in making his excursions, sticks to the alleys and keeps off the streets. Few men see, and fewer still know, Platt. He is sly, rather than bold, chicanes rather than assails, and when attacked, he does not fight in that stiffish sense of collision and hard knocks. He poisons all the springs and streams and standing water, and then falls back into the hills. Platt does with snares what others do by blows; Platt traps while others hunt. And yet Platt, in a feline way, likes trouble. Set out a bowl of milk and a bowl of blood, and turn your back. If sure of unobservance, Platt will lap the blood. But if you stare at him, Platt dissembles with the milk, purring meanwhile with religious fervor. Platt is ever the hypocrite and knows of no worse fate than mere discovery. To meet him one sees a man; thin, witty and gray. He looks more like a dyspeptic than a leader. Also he makes a vast pretense of religion, but of that decorous and subdued, rather than the camp-meeting sort. Platt's points of power are his egotism, his skill for sly effort, his talent as a trader of politics; but beyond all, his vanity. Platt likes to set before the mirror of present time and contemplate his reflection as "a leader." He talks of his "leadership" as Otero might of her diamonds, and if Platt's soul and his "leadership" were both in equal danger Platt would buckle his precious "leadership." His soul might fend for itself.

A Different Animal.

Worth is of another sort than Platt. Worth is vigorous where Platt is fine. If a band of music went by Worth would regard the bass drum as the most impressive instrument. Platt would prefer the piccolo. Worth does his killing with an ax. When any homicide of politics enforces its way upon Platt's schedule he works with sack and bawling. Platt waits until midnight and then, with his victim gagged, bagged and bound, draws him in the Bosphorus of party.

The personal habits of these two are cautious rather than good. Neither Worth nor Platt is a deep drinker. Neither loves the cup. Platt does not drink because it is inelegant and militates against his religious pose. Worth sticks to "lemon and soda," for that he feels the gnawing need of his head cool and his eyes open.

It was thirty years ago—just after the war, we'll say—when Worth came ashore in Brooklyn. Worth had forfeited being a sailor. He was remarkable only as a person whose frame was heavily tattooed. To-day, if Worth were to remove his reluctant he would dazzle the world like a rainbow. For years on shipboard, whenever it was Worth's watch below, he pulled his shirt over his head, spread himself on a sea chest, while his messmates worked their artistic will upon him. As a tattooed outcome Worth is covered as by a blue and red garment, with patterns of legs, and arms, and stars, and birds, and beasts, and whales, and ships under full sail, and similar contributions, in India ink. There were no dime museums in those days else Worth, when he came aboard of Brooklyn those thirty years ago, would possibly have sustained life as a freak, and we might thus have escaped the hale and black voo of his Kings County "leadership." As it was, he plunged into life in the "Old Fourth District."

It befell in those days, as it sometimes does in these, that an honest man attended party conventions and became very much in the way. Worth on such occasions gained much favorable mention in the "Old Fourth" by the fashion in which he showed these obstructionists out of the door.

In his first development Worth waded into politics without any knowledge of what it was all about. Then, as now, lacking scruple, view and conviction, regarding the public simply as a goose to be plucked, Worth had no purpose but himself—the extension of his power and his pocket. Issues never bothered Worth; he himself, was and is, with him, the only issue. And so it fell out that Worth was most useful to those who were of most use to him. He was for the Democrats or for the Republicans, whichever offered best for Worth; and he came at last to be known as a "McLaughlin Republican," which, in its way, would be much the same phrase as a "Platt Democrat." And this Dugald Dalgetty of politics waxed rich; to-day he is richly worth full \$700,000; and all these riches had their inception in Worth's industrious farming of his "Old Fourth District."

Worth was not only "managed" politics, he has held frequent office. At all times in and out of office, he has milked politics like a cow. The pall of Worth was always

Cleveland, with an atmosphere of the academy and freighted to the gunwales with a self-shipped cargo of conceit. He so far differs from Cleveland that he has education, and no doubt a decent, taught gentility. But education is, after all, not much. There are educated men just as there are educated monkeys, and I've got to learn that it swelled the honesty, augmented the good sense or enlarged the heart of them. My notion of Low may be all wrong. But I promise this: If I discover hereafter dark error in my estimate of Low, I'll humbly set it forth and make apology. Meanwhile he seems to me as a prig, an un-American aristocrat, and one who, while panting to the point of being a subject for the Majority, pretends otherwise, and attempts to patronize the public while he begs political aims of it like any other beggarman of party. Mind you! I find no fault with Low's ambition; I find fault with his stilt, and that fog of foolish self-consequence wherein he hoods and hides his head. The worst thing about Low is Worth, and the latter's championship of him may well excuse my suspicions.

But to leave Low, with whom we have no direct business here, and to go back to Worth. As an office holder, Worth was never regarded as a victory for the public. He saved no money; he bred no reforms; he was good for the party, bad for the people; excellent beyond description for Worth. His legislative bent was shown, perhaps, when he offered a bill at Albany to make over to the Standard Oil some twenty millions of property, being in good sooth about all of the water front between Newtown Creek and Montauk Point. This public-spirited measure failed; much to Standard Oil grief, and Worth's own chagrin.

Again, as shedding a ray on Worth, when once he performed as a legislator in Albany, the State fell into such straits that nobody but Hiscock, Miller and Morton presented themselves for the United States Senate. Worth, of course, was in the thick of the hub-bub, like a cup pursue at a country fair. One day the Troy Times came out, and in a bland, convincing double-headed editorial, mentioned Worth, the Senate candidates and \$10,000 in very close connection. The publication bred great and instant interest in Worth, and a cloud of newspaper folk swept down to the Kenmore to interview him. Worth received them with airs of bashful innocence, like a country girl at a keeness. But the hot questionings of the visitors smoked him out. At last he asked, wretchedly:

Peculiar Form of Idiocy.

"Is there any damned fool present who thinks I would sell my vote for \$10,000? If it is not worth more than that I'll keep it."

Whether the peculiar sort of idiot asked for by Worth was present or not cannot be told. If he was, he maintained his peace.

In person Worth is big, muscular and was, when he came ashore in Brooklyn those thirty years ago, a man of great physical power. Unlike Low and like a late president, Worth is very highly uneducated. He talks the Bowers lingo, and interjects "See!" at every period. This word "See!" so multiplied, serves admirably as stepping stones upon which you may trip dryshod across the rather muddy currents of Worth's conversation. Worth is exactly the opposite of Platt in physical look. He is broad, bluff, vital, hook-nosed, with a full savage beard. And, moreover, unlike the wan and sandy Platt, Worth is as black as a Spaniard. Worth attempts the hearty in his greeting of men, and being "one of the boys," while he sticks to "lemon and soda," himself, he is abundant about the Brooklyn saloons at the call of campaign duty. Worth leads men well. He keeps his promises when afraid to break them, and treats fairly all who are strong enough to make him trouble or breed harm to his plans. The weak he walks down with no more of hesitation than any other cruel Mr. Hyde. Worth is a more popular figure than Platt. Worth gets out among his folk where they can see him; Platt is a back-room, barred door commander.

There need be no mistake as to why Platt and Worth are presently fighting. Worth has but one hope, one care; that is to carry Kings County. Worth believes that Platt, in nominating a New York City machinist for the Majority, would lose not only the fight for Greater New York—which Worth looks on as already lost—but the Kings County ticket as well. And it is that Kings County ticket Worth is now battling for. With Low—a local light-running for Mayor, Worth believes that while Low would lose, he, Worth, could corral Kings County. Greater New York might go, Kings County would be saved. Platt might be destroyed. Worth would live. Those three offices, Sheriff, Register and Clerk—one of which Worth holds—with an annual income for all three of full \$200,000—are the brands Worth is trying to pluck from the burning. The nation is naught to Worth. Greater New York is naught; so that he save to himself Kings County and these three plums of place. That is why Worth is going to battle with Platt; that is why he takes up the cause of Low. Worth does not look for Low's success. Worth expects Low to be defeated. But he also expects to make a stalking horse of that conceit-blinded educator in his hunting of the County of Kings.

What you have to say for yourself, Mr. Hart."

When driving slowly down Maiden Lane to South street, he said, "I was nearly across Nassau street when I heard a shout. I looked around, and down the steep grade from Liberty street, I saw a young fellow coming toward me on his wheel. He was almost on top of me before I saw him. I braked up quickly, but before I could stop the bicyclist ran into the hind wheel. His head struck the iron tire, and this, I suppose, crushed his skull. My wagon did not run over him, and I am almost certain the wheels were not turning when he struck."

The policeman said that he did not see the accident, but that eye witnesses had told him that the driver was not to blame.

Police officers will receive information of great value by sending their names and addresses to Post Office box 1828, city.

WIDOW'S PLEA SAVED SON.

Driver of the Truck That Engel, the Bicycle Rider, Struck, Is Released by the Coroner.

His mother's pathetic appeal and the words of young Charles Engel, the bicycle rider who died in the Hudson Street Hospital on Wednesday evening from the effects of injuries received in a collision with a wagon in Nassau street, saved Michael Hart, the driver, from being held on the charge of manslaughter. A most beside himself with grief, the young teamster appeared before Magistrate Wentworth,

and was held to await the action of the Coroner.

When Coroner Hoerber arrived at his office he found Hart, his old mother, a widow, and Frank Woolsey, the young prisoner's employer, waiting for him. "Be merciful to my boy," said the widow. "He's a good son, and I know the terrible accident was not his fault. For God's sake do not send him to prison."

"Well, gentlemen," replied the Coroner, "I want facts, not sentiment. Let me hear

what you have to say for yourself, Mr. Hart."

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"Will you be responsible for the young man?" asked the Coroner, speaking to Mr. Woolsey. "And produce him in court if wanted?" When Mr. Woolsey answered in the affirmative, the Coroner discharged the young man.

The superintendent of the Hudson Street Hospital denied the assertion that Engel was left to die in the street. An ambulance was sent for him as soon possible.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA" AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company, of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggists may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

Bears the Fac-Simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

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The Kind that Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 27 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK CITY.

TEARS AND REGRET THE PRICE OF FAME.

Astonishing confessions of a World Famous Actress who earns \$5,000 a week and is never happy—

In Next Sunday's Journal.

30 CENTS, DAILY OR SUNDAY, OR \$2 BY THE WEEK.

For a two-line (10 words) "want" order

For Sale.

BLACK AND TAN, col. 88yrs terriers, etc. \$2.50. BRED, 715 East 140th St.

If you don't advertise in the Journal, you don't get results.